



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

CARUSO: A TRIBUTE TO THE MODESTY OF A GREAT SINGER

A tribute to the modesty of Caruso, written by W. J. Henderson and published in the Sun, is as truthful as it is eloquent. Mr. Henderson is well within facts when he says that the most celebrated singer on the operatic stage to-day is Enrico Caruso. No matter whether we think that his voice is not all that it was when he first came to us we must admit that he is talked about more than any other singer, and altogether as a singer. Wherever he moves watch is kept upon his singing. If he is ill the wires flash the news all over the civilized world. When he recovers the joyful tidings fly over the mountains and under the sea.

If he sings in Paris the French papers devote columns to accounts of his art. If he appears in Berlin the town goes mad, the stolid Germans forget their faith and pour out their marks recklessly to purchase seats. If he sings in Budapest the fiery Huns make the rafters ring with their plaudits and the English and American newspapers publish long despatches about it.

In New York any opera with Mr. Caruso in the cast will pack the house. So it will in Chicago and so it will in Paris. Once upon a time in a certain one of these three cities, no matter which, an opera was performed with the strongest cast possessed by the Metropolitan, which of course included Mr. Caruso. The receipts were close to \$14,000.

The second performance of the same opera was given with

one of the minor sopranos and a secondary baritone, but still with Mr. Caruso. The receipts were the same as before; all the house would hold. The third performance was given with the strong cast, except Mr. Caruso, whose place was taken by a singer celebrated in German speaking countries. The receipts were \$5,000.

While all this was going on not one single line of interview with Mr. Caruso was published. This singer, it seems, is contented to go quietly about his business and never feels a desire to send for the reporters and tell them what he knows about art in various countries or to air his ideas about singers and singing. On and off the stage he comports himself with the greatest modesty. He is absolutely without what are called "airs." On the stage he is one of the most amiable of comrades. If the soprano with whom he is singing is not in good voice he will restrain the volume of his own tone in order not to drown hers. When applause is to be received before the curtain he never fails to give the place of honor to the woman.

Half a dozen women singers who have gone through some difficult performances with him have testified to this writer of his kindness, his helpfulness, his unfailing consideration. Riccardo Martin, whom some singers would regard as a rival, has publicly said that he has had much generous artistic aid from Mr. Caruso.

Yet Mr. Caruso does not find it essential to his success to call "Help, help!" to the reporters in every town which he visits. He merely sings.